



YET AGAIN THE SAME SHADE HAD APPEARED FROM MY NECROMANTIC SUMMONING, IT'S NAME IS DANTE AND HE WAS MY GUIDE THROUGH THIS JOURNEY AND HE HAD EMPHASISED THAT I WAS CLOSE ...

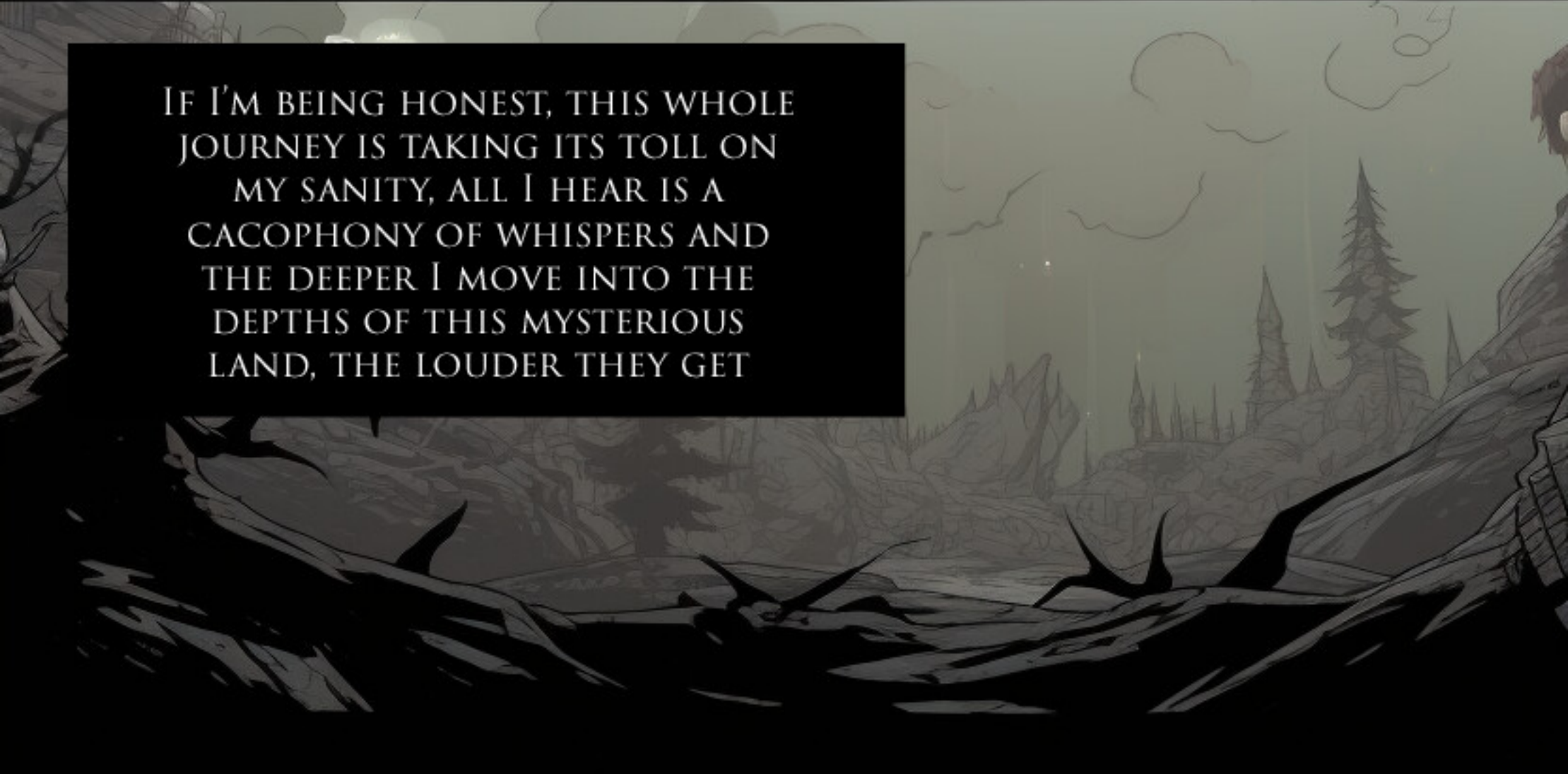


CLOSER TO THE PATH WHICH THE FOUR DEMONIC GATEKEEPERS HAD LAID OUT FOR ME, SUPPOSEDLY THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A GATEWAY NEAR BY



WHO AM I, THAT'S
NOT IMPORTANT
NEEDLESS TO SAY
I'M A BLACK
MAGICIAN WHO'S
BEING LED TO THE
MIDDLE OF NO
WHERE, GUIDED BY
FUCKING VOICES ...

IF I'M BEING HONEST, THIS WHOLE
JOURNEY IS TAKING ITS TOLL ON
MY SANITY, ALL I HEAR IS A
CACOPHONY OF WHISPERS AND
THE DEEPER I MOVE INTO THE
DEPTHS OF THIS MYSTERIOUS
LAND, THE LOUDER THEY GET



"Yes, yes, keep
going Connor,
tread upon the
path which leads
to your
damnation, that is
if you survive long
enough, hahaha"



THEIR WHISPERING TO
ME AGAIN, TAUNTING
ME, I GET THAT THIS IS
A TEST BUT I'D BE LYING
IF I SAID IT WASN'T
GETTING TO ME ...

WAIT ... WHERE THE
FUCK AM I AGAIN ?




Hours later ...

"Welcome to the gateway, you have made your journey to the entrance, speak the words which open thee abyss, then leave your temple of flesh, project from the body and enter therein"

"Great gatekeepers I thank you for allowing me passage, i do so declare. Zazaz Zazaz Nasatana Zazaz"




AS SOON AS I SPOKE THE WORDS, I COULD FEEL THE EARTH TREMBLE BENEATH ME, THE ASTRAL CURRENTS RAISING AROUND ME AND MY BODY LETTING GO OF IT'S GHOST




IN A MERE INSTANT, I FOUND
MYSELF OCCUPYING MY
ASTRAL BODY, THE FORCE OF
THE INTER-DIMENSIONAL
WORMHOLE GRAVITATING ME
TOWARDS IT

A SYMPHONY OF SERPENTINE HISSING,
THE HOWLS OF THE HELLHOUNDS, THE
SCREAMS OF THE DAMNED, THE GROWLS
OF THE BELLY OF THE BEASTS, CALLING
OUT TO ME THE TRAVELLER AT THE
CROSSROADS



ALGOL THE DEMONS STAR HAD
OPENED UP AND SWALLOWED
ME WHOLE, LIKE A COLLAPSING
NEUTRON STAR, MY ASTRAL
BODY TRANSMOGRIFYING
BECOMING MUTATED
THROUGH THE BLISTERING
HELLFIRE AS I TRAVELLED
THROUGH IT LIKE CHTHONIC
KALEIDOSCOPE



I WALKED ACROSS THE
BLACKENED WATERS OF THE
ABYSS, ANOINTED IN THE FOOT
STEPS OF THE DENIZENS OF THE
HELLISH FIENDS THAT SPURRED
IN THE SHADOWS

MY SPIRITUAL FORM
BEGAN TO BECOME
LESS AND LESS HUMAN
BY THE SECOND, AS IF
ADAPTING TO THE
ANCIENT DARK
DIMENSION I WAS
NOW TRANSVERSING

I WAS STILL BE GUIDED BY
THEM, BELIAL, AZAZEL,
ABADDON, AMAYMON,
THE FOUR GATEKEEPERS
WHO HAD TAKEN ME
INTO THEIR DOMAIN

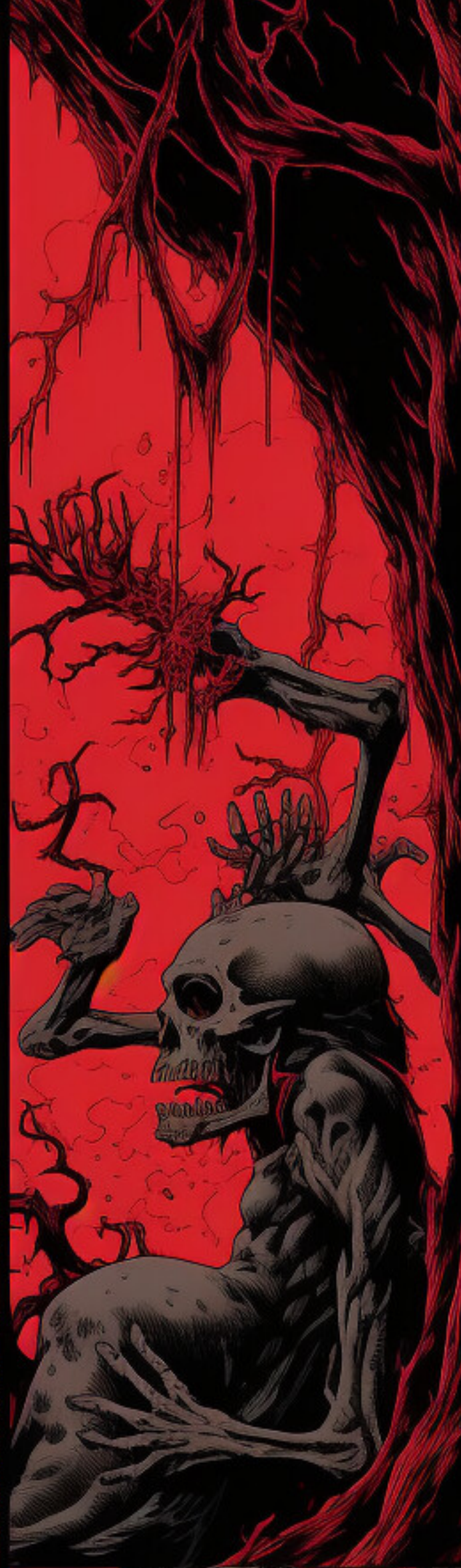
**"Closer ... keep going, follow
the sound of our voice
mortal come, come, COME"**



"Mephistopheles
awaits you" ...

THE INTEGRITY OF THIS ASTRAL SHELL IS
BECOMING MORE LIKE THE INHABITANTS
OF THIS REALM, IF I DON'T GET TO WHERE
I NEED TO GO QUICKLY I COULD END UP
LIKE THE LIFELESS DAMNED, I NEED TO
HURRY, EVEN IF THESE FLAMES HURT, I
NEED TO GRIT MY TEETH AND BARE IT

In pandemonium.



I HAVE TO MOVE I'M ALREADY FALLING APART, THIS IS THE FIRST BUILDING OR SINGLE PIECE OF EARTH-LIKE ARCHITECTURE I'VE SEEN SINCE I'VE GOT HERE, I MUST GET INSIDE SHELTERED FROM THESE INTENSE ENERGIES

There he was Mephistopheles

*“Greetings Kavon or would you prefer
I call you by your mortal name” ?*

“Kavon is fine” I responded nervously but
in relief I have finally made it before him

*“So magus, you seek to make a deal with a
devil, what is it you desire ... wealth, power,
sex, freedom, knowledge, what is it you seek”*



“I seek it all, I seek freedom from
that which binds or seeks to imprison
my limitations, I seek power, I seek
wealth, I seek every pleasure that
lurks within my black heart”



"Greedy I like it, what do
you offer me in return,
what do I receive"

"What can I offer you" ...

"Have you learnt nothing sorcerer,
you are supposed to take, you are
supposed to demand, where is
your the authority of the magus
that once burned in you"

"So be it, Mephistopheles I initiate a
pact with you for the materialisation
of all the desires I have stated here
now, and those that lurk within the
oceanic cave that is my heart"

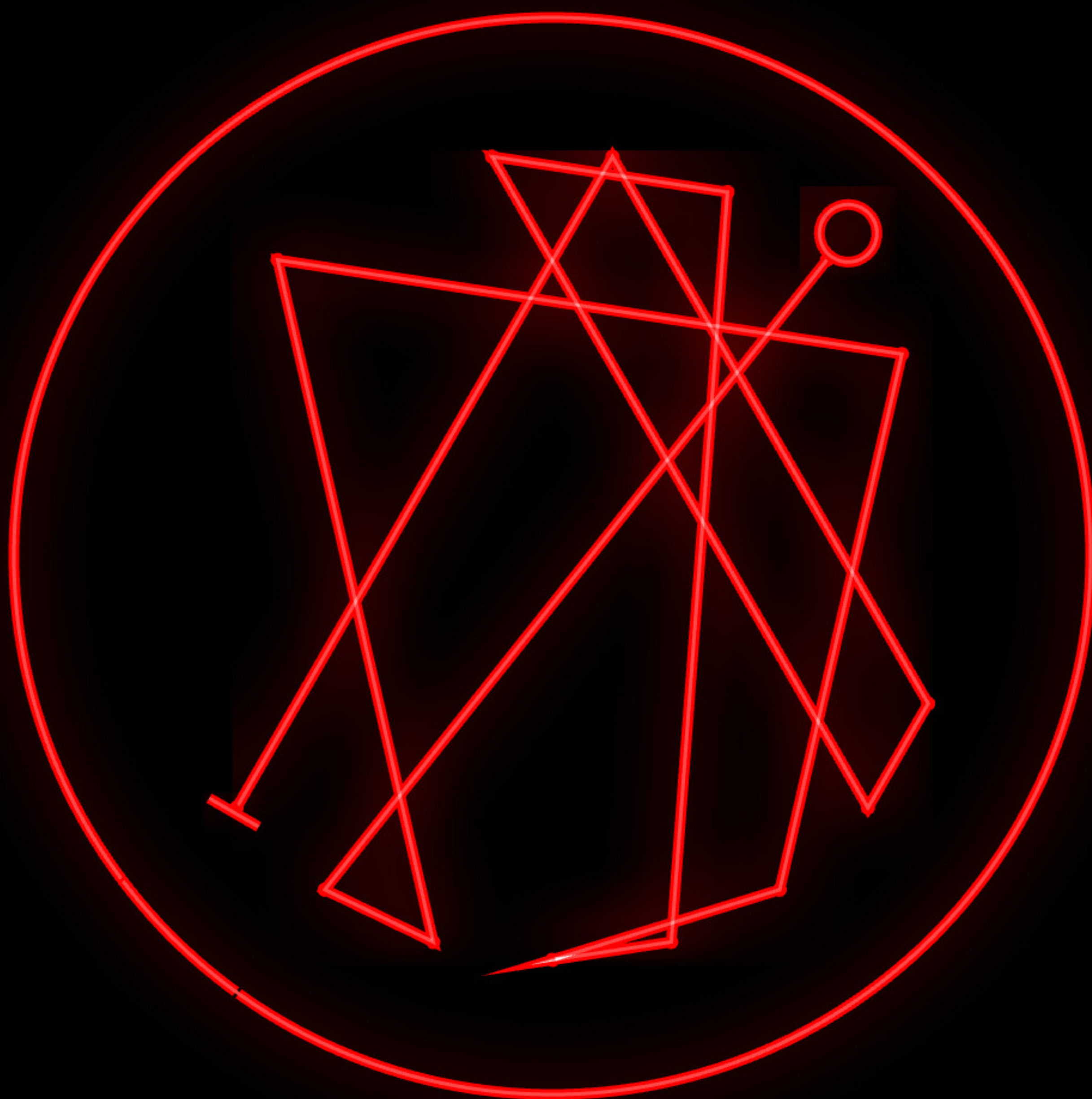
HIS FORM BEGAN SHIFTING BECOMING
MORE SERIOUS, STERN AND SINISTER

IN HIS HAND MATERIALISED A SEAL, A
SIGIL WHICH MANIFESTED OUT OF NO
WHERE

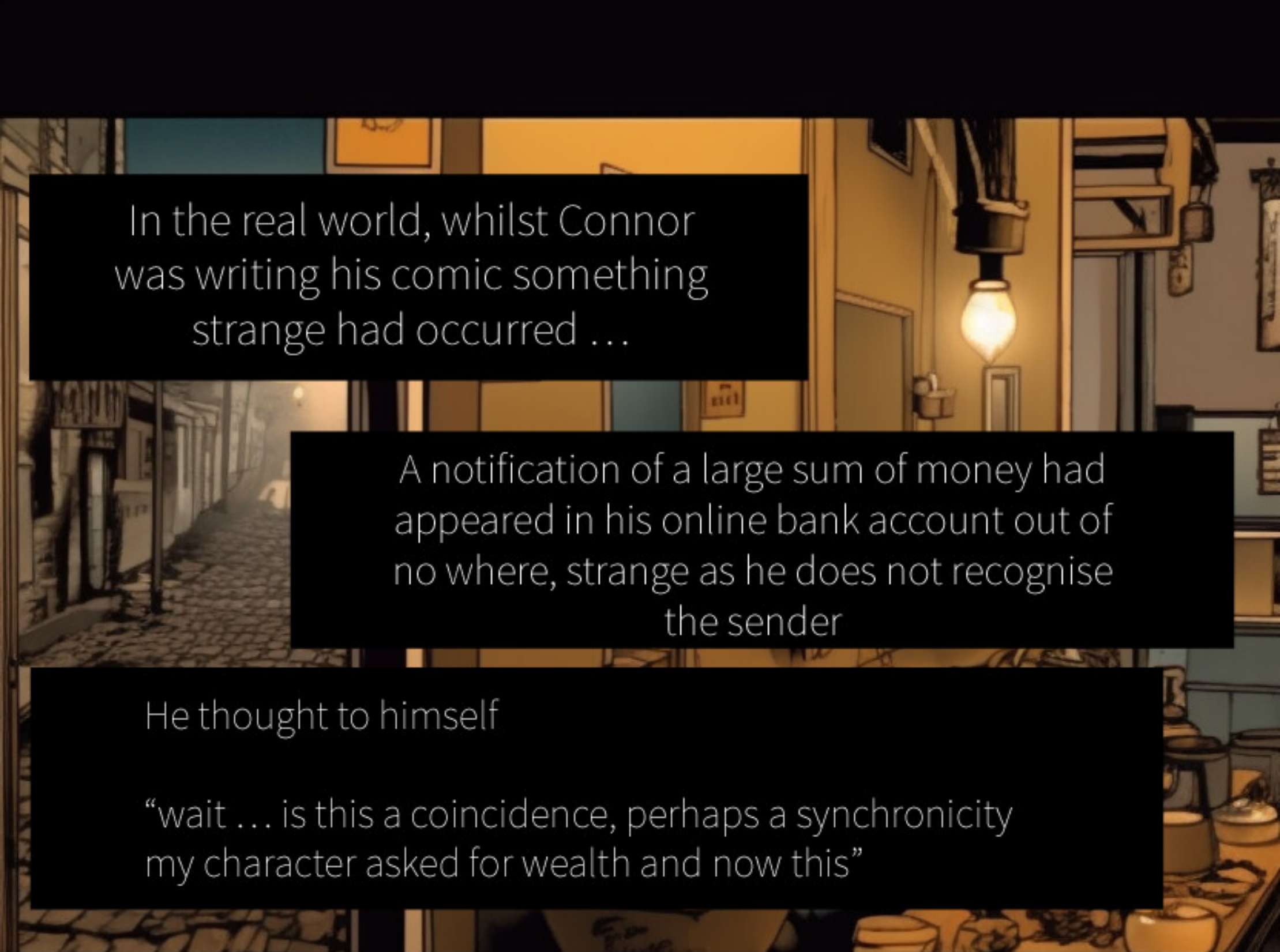


IT GLOWED INTENSELY, SEARING
LIKE A INFERNAL ASTRAL BRAND
BETWEEN THE DARK ONES HANDS

THE SEAL BURNED INTO MY MIND ...



I KNEW INTUITIVELY THIS SEAL, THIS
SIGIL WAS THE REPRESENTATION OF
THAT PACT, HIS POWER AND THE
POWERS THAT WOULD MANIFEST IN MY
LIFE

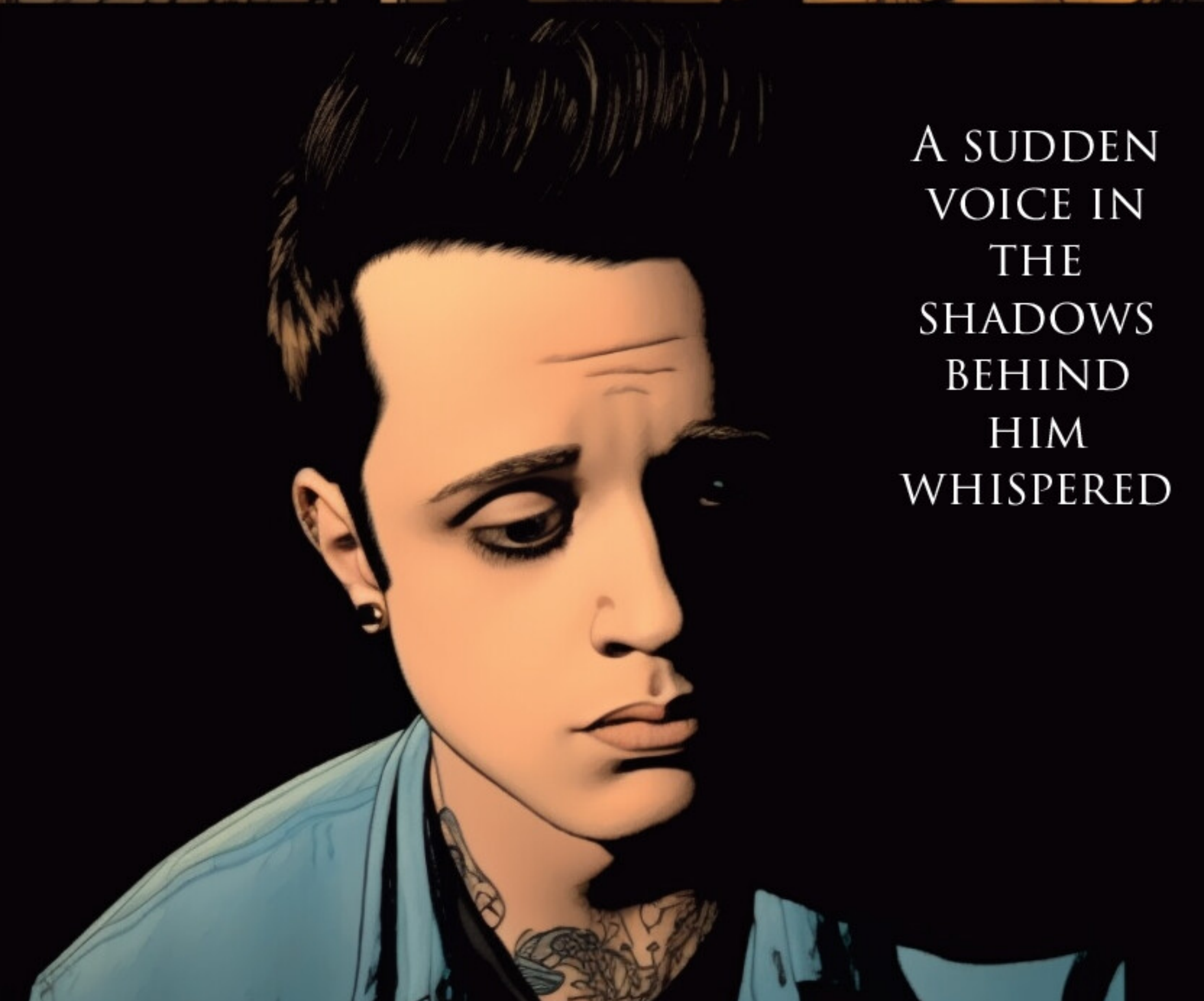


In the real world, whilst Connor
was writing his comic something
strange had occurred ...

A notification of a large sum of money had
appeared in his online bank account out of
no where, strange as he does not recognise
the sender

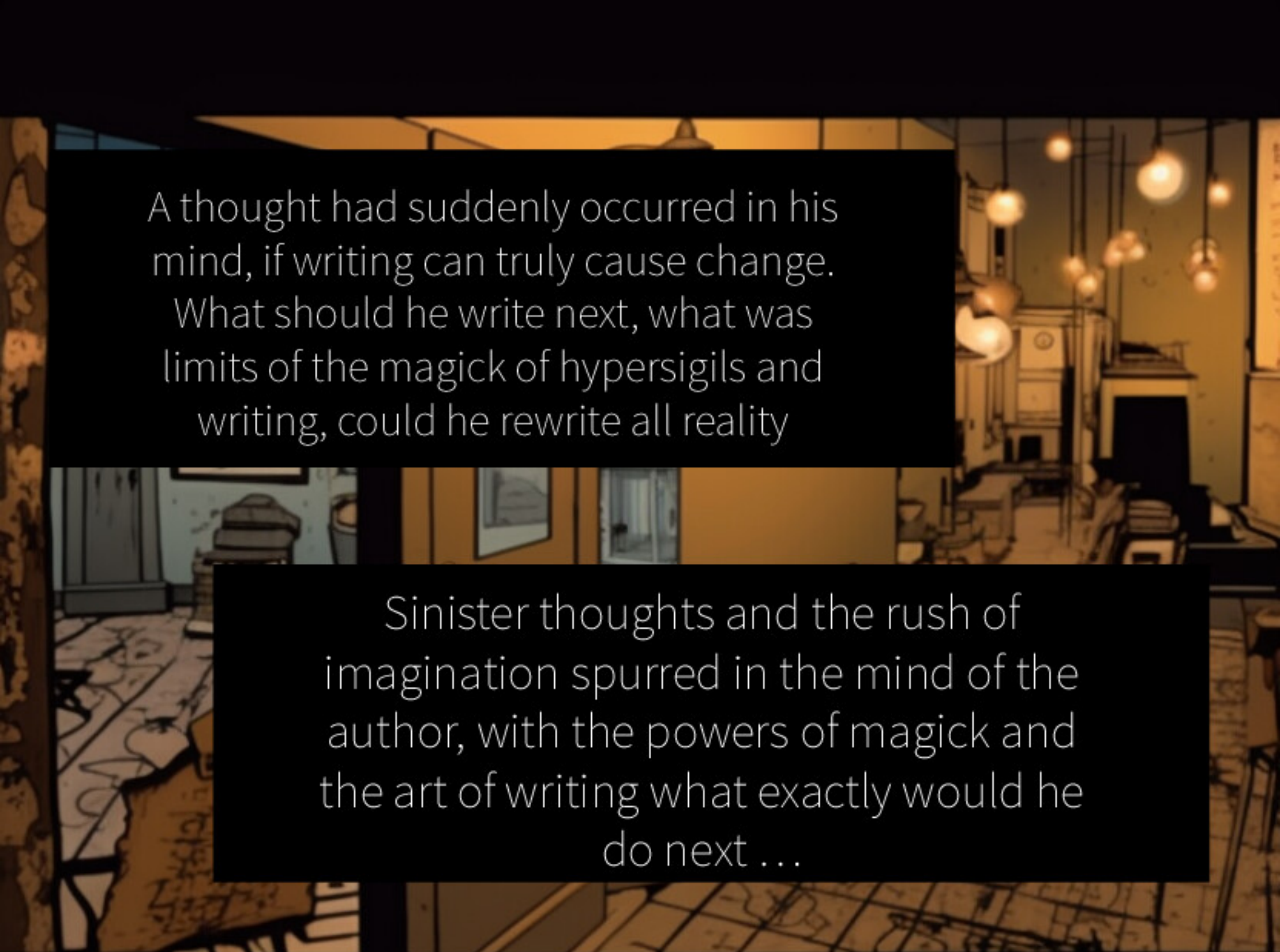
He thought to himself

“wait ... is this a coincidence, perhaps a synchronicity
my character asked for wealth and now this”



A SUDDEN
VOICE IN
THE
SHADOWS
BEHIND
HIM
WHISPERED

“There’s no such thing as a
coincidence my friend” ...



A thought had suddenly occurred in his mind, if writing can truly cause change. What should he write next, what was limits of the magick of hypersigils and writing, could he rewrite all reality

Sinister thoughts and the rush of imagination spurred in the mind of the author, with the powers of magick and the art of writing what exactly would he do next ...

